

# THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH GENERAL

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

## Western Canada's Splendid Tribute to Army Founder The CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF Dedicates "William Booth Memorial" Training Garrison

### The Opening of the Garrison

WE ARE out on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg; just where the City begins to straggle out—the streets fading into the trails that lead away, away to the far Western horizon. Here is a solid, well-proportioned, yet graceful structure. It is to serve a kingdom, the kingdom of Canada—West to the sea, and North to the Arctic. It is also to serve the Kingdom of God—the Empire of all the Lands.

We are here in real Western weather—blue sky overhead; glorious sunshine; crisp snow underfoot; and an invigorating snap in the air. And with us a crowd of hearty Salvationists; lively and expectant Cadets; thoughtfully reminiscent Officers; and interested and responsible citizens of repute; all gathered to celebrate the day and to honor our illustrious visitors—the Chief-of-the-Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins.

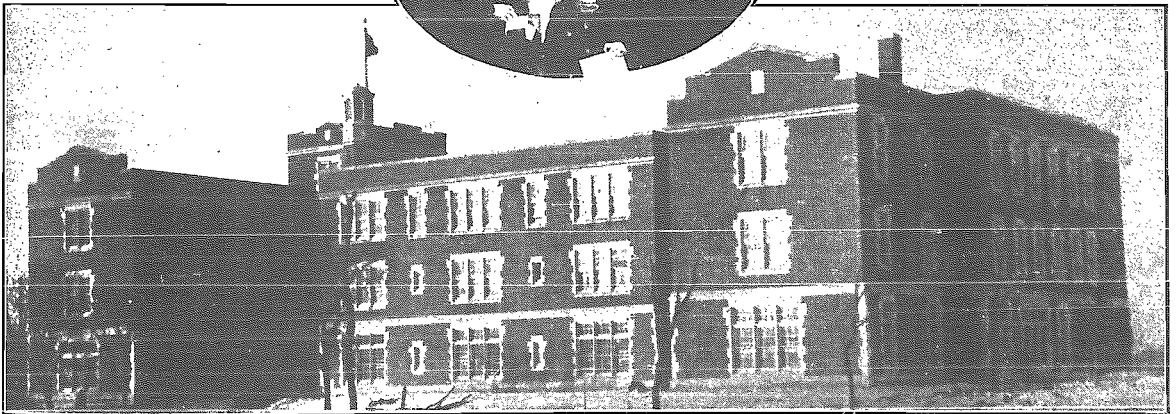
It is truly a day when our voices can give joyful expression to the song

Army in particular—hands over the key. In his usual well-worded manner, the Chief invokes the blessing of Almighty God on the work of the Garrison, and declares the building officially opened, the doors are flung wide, and we pass along spacious corridors, and on to the charmingly inviting Lecture Auditorium.

Nothing lacking in our enthusiasm in that particular item—anyhow.

### ... and the Dedication

Warmth indeed—a real glow in the inside air; but what is it that gives The Army tone and touch to our surroundings? Why is it that we do not feel strange in our new environment? Is it the sight of so many old-time Comrades, or the happy attentions of the Training Principal and his Staff, or the colorful and flag-bedecked shields so tastefully arranged around the hall, or the portraits of our Founders and of the General and Mrs. Booth which look down upon us? These things certainly help, but—ah! we have found it! 'Tis the sight



swelling within our hearts; and when we are called to attention by our own Commissioner Rich it is with glad melody we break into "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." The very invigoration of the atmosphere sweeps the song along, as we stand around the hitherto closed front door of the "William Booth Memorial" Training Garrison. The very wording over the lintel is sufficient to send our thoughts surging back over the years—and what visions we see in these few moments!

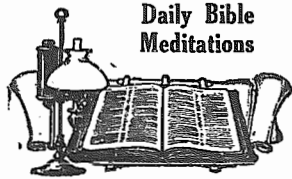
But however patriotically minded—or historically enthusiastic—one may feel, "twenty below" is not conducive to a lengthy outdoor event, and so in terse but well-chosen words Mr. James A. Richardson—splendid friend of all good causes, and of The

of those flags over the platform—good old Army Flags! The one touch that makes it home—yes, that's it—Training Home. We're old fashioned enough for that.

But we settle down in glad decorum, only to be aroused by the entrance of the platform party, including our own Commissioner and Mrs. Rich (whose persistent labors are to-day bearing fruit), with Mrs. Higgins, and then the Chief.

Whose design is it that our first song should be Whittier's prayer—"Oh, Father, deign these walls to bless;" we sing it dedicately, but our hearts are moving no less than our feet and hands when the Cadets sing, later on, to an old-time Army melody, the prayer-song of our own Poet—Pearson: (Continued on page 5)

## Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Exodus 14: 1-14—"It were better for us to serve the Egyptians." God had freed the Israelites by a mighty deliverance, yet, instead of deciding to maintain their new-found liberty at any cost, they suggest surrender to their former enemy. Every soul set free from Satan's bondage must expect life-long warfare with the "powers of darkness." But constant victory is assured, if, refusing to surrender, we fight in the strength of the great Captain of our Salvation.

Monday, Exodus 14: 15-31—"The waters were a wall unto them." They had no boats and only the strongest could have swam across the Red Sea. Yet what seemed a danger and terror God turned into a way of escape and a protection. Have you come across a difficulty? God can turn even this into a victory which will bless you all your life.

Tuesday, Exodus 15: 1-17—"Thou hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed."

O fathomless mercy! O infinite grace! With humble thanksgiving the road I trace,  
Thou never hast failed me, my strength and my stay!

To whom shall I turn for the rest of the way?

Through dangers, through darkness by day and by night,  
Thou ever hast guided, and guided aright. In Thee have I trusted, and peacefully lay

My hand in Thy Hand for the rest of the way!

Wednesday, Exodus 15: 18-27—"There He proved them." God often shows us our weakness through the times of testing and trial which He allows to come to us. If we would triumph at such times we must be patient and so utterly confident of God as never to question His love or wisdom. If He has made your cup sweet, drink it with grace; if He has made it bitter, drink it in communion with Him.

Thursday, Exodus 16: 1-16—"Your murmurings are not against us but against the Lord." Smaller-minded men would have considered their own dignity and importance, but Moses and Aaron thought of the honor of the Lord. God keep us from being too busy about our work and our own interests. Let us consider His work and His glory. Then, as some one has said, "Things cannot make us 'huffy' that do not make Him 'huffy'."

Friday, Exodus 16: 17-36—"So the people rested on the Sabbath day." They had had no weekly rest-day in Egypt. All days were alike—full of toil from morning to night. Now God, along with liberty, had restored to them this further boon. Sabbath days have been likened to "quiet islands on the tossing sea of life." May they be this to us during 1928, as may we spend them wisely in gathering strength for our own souls and in helping to save the souls of others.

Saturday, Exodus 17: 1-16—"Aaron and Hur stayed up His hands." Are you through ill-health or some other cause unable to do much public work for God? Take comfort from to-day's portion, and see how real a work you can do by believing, persevering, intercessory prayer. From your lonely hill-top you can bring help and victory to your hard-pressed comrades at the battle's front. Perhaps at some time in our Army history have such prayer-helpers been more needed than now.

There is a well-known story of a boy who was teased by his chums for having attended an Army meeting. He replied: "I put a penny in the collection once, so I am a partner in the concern. I went to know what'do'."

# 1927—UNFINISHED TASKS—1928

By ADJUTANT TOM MUNDY

"And all that beheld it began to mock, saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'" Luke 14: 29-30.

WE HAVE reached the closing chapter of another year. The Christmas spirit is still abroad. It seems incredible that 1927 has almost spent itself and that we shall shortly commence the journey of 1928. Surely we shall be a little wiser for the experiences of the past twelve months, with their lights and shades, victories and defeats, their mountain-top vistas and their days in the valley of sorrow and despair! Do we not find, as we reflect, that we are possessed of mixed feelings; we have the joy of the completed task, and yet at the same time we feel the pang of regret for some work undone, those things we began to do but remain unfinished. Things well started, but alas!—"Ye did run well, who hindered thee?"

"It isn't the things we do,  
But the things we leave undone  
That will give us many a heartache  
With the setting of the sun."

The Scripture above reminds us of the man who began a task which he was unable to finish. The reason of his failure is clearly outlined—"he began to count the cost," and what happened? "All that beheld it began to mock, saying, 'This man began to build, and was not able to finish.'"

We well know that the men and women who have accomplished great things for the Kingdom of God in their day have been men and women of unwavering purpose—those who carefully counted the cost, and having begun to build, were willing to pay.

"They had the honor of a certain aim,  
Amid the perils of uncertain ways;  
And sailed ahead, and left the rest to God."

We enter a cemetery and notice here and there a broken column, erected by sorrowing loved ones, to remind us of a life "unfinished." We understand the meaning of such monuments and enter into the sorrow thus indicated, and yet, who can say that such lives were "unfinished." Life is not measured by years! Some of the greatest of lives have been short-lived. When we stand before the "Judge of all the earth" we shall not be judged for our life in terms of years, but we shall be held responsible for our "allotted time"—be those years of understanding few or many.

Think of the Life of Him Whose Name and birth the whole world has just commemorated—our Saviour; short indeed as we count time, and yet, He left it on record for our encouragement—and at

the same time for a challenge to the powers of darkness—that He had completed His work, when from the Cross He uttered those immortal words, "It is finished!" One of our poets had this thought in mind when he wrote:

"Let us tread the path of duty,  
With our faces to the sun;  
Carry all our burdens gladly,  
Finish well what we've begun."

Did not Paul say with no uncertain sound, "I have kept the faith, I have finished my course!" We may never be able to rise to such an eminence as Paul, or many another of the great host



of warriors of the Cross who have already "passed over." We may be less than many when it comes to intellectual and other gifts, but no matter who we may be, we can share the joy of the finished task and hear at last "Well done!" The world

may crown success, but God crowns faithfulness. "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Some who read their words may sit down with their memory and review the past year. You may think again of promises made to God and others which, alas! you have not been able to fulfill. You may have failed and are conscious of that failure. What happened? Is it not that you did not "count the cost?" Is the world "mocking," and saying "he was not able to finish?" It may be so—that is the way of the world—but in the words of our old song you must press through "the past of failure, fault and fear."

You must thank God for the chance of a new beginning. You must take heart at the dawning of this new day and new year, and grip the hand of God as you step out into the sunlight of 1928; step out too with a stout heart and a determined spirit and by His grace complete the task He has given you to do, for God has called you to a work which you must finish, and which we do this will require the paying of a price, but whatever the price may be, it will fade into insignificance when we compare it with the realities of the life hereafter.

## Fool-Hardy and Mad-Cap Wagers

Extraordinary feats which men attempt for notoriety and which remind us that "the pleasures of sin are but for a season."

WHAT foolhardy and madcap things some men will do to win a little passing fame; things without a least bit of usefulness to the world, and which can hold positively no worth to their fellow men, except to stir that mad thrill after excitement which possesses so many.

There is no thrill which can exceed that of seeing men and women won from the darkness of sin to the light of salvation; no joy which can surpass that of knowing we have led some wanderer home; no delight beyond that of constantly enjoying the favor of God, and yet there are thousands who will either willingly or ignorantly pass them by for the false excitements of the world.

Jump from a moving train

Quite recently, an English acrobat named Roger took a bet that he would jump from a moving train into the River Seine, and won it. Not content with this daredevil feat, he then took another wager of £200 that he would drive a motor-car down the steep, winding stone staircase which connects the Parisian railway station, the Gare du Nord, with the Gare de l'Est.

The staircase has three hundred steps,

down which the car crashed at an appalling pace. When it reached the bottom two tires had burst, both the front wheels were broken on their axles, and the radiator was smashed. Yet the bold driver was not hurt. He won his wager, but it cost him quite a large part of it to pay the fine inflicted by a Parisian Court of Law.

Cycled down steps of Capitol

This case calls to mind a mad performance seen some years ago in Washington, U.S.A., when a man, William Shields, backed himself to ride down the stone steps of the Capitol on a push bicycle. The western flight consists of seventy-four steep broken intervals, and the landings, one twenty feet and the other two ten feet wide. It was impossible to practise, for, if the authorities had got wind of Shields' intention, they would quickly have taken steps to stop it. It was difficult even for Shields to find a time when he could carry his bicycle to the top and try his foolhardy experiment.

At last he managed this in the early morning when few people were about. Then, springing on to his machine, he started. The first landing threw him off. He lost his pedals, but not his balance. Unable to recover the pedals, he gripped

## A Holly Gift from the Coast

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

I have no holly of my own,  
But, better still, a neighbor,  
Who gladly shares his tree with me,  
Nor counts it as a favor.

At Christmas time, with basket full,  
He visits friends and neighbors.  
The joy of giving lights his face,  
Reward for "scratchy" labors.

If I had holly of my own,  
Two hearts would miss a blessing,  
Those who do not give, nor I receiving,  
Two glad smiles would be missing.

To-day he passed it o'er the fence,  
Berried, and fresh with dew,  
His gift now three in turn will bless,  
Emself, myself, and you.

—A.E.T.  
Victoria, B.C. Christmas, 1927.

## Trust the Driver

They were riding in a badly-lighted country bus. She clutched his arm, but more in fear than affection—for just ahead a wall seemed to stretch across the narrow road.

He looked up then, in the reassuring "leave-it-to-me," tones that young men adopt on occasion, said: "It's all right, dear! Our driver knows his job. We are not the first passengers he has safely brought this way."

Even while he spoke the bus lurched round a bend in the road and the grey stone wall slipped past into the night.

They were Salvationists, and had been discussing some of their difficulties when the interruption occurred. Seizing upon the incident as an illustration, he continued: "Don't you think we ought to act toward God as we did just now towards our driver? God knows what He intends to do with us. We are not the first He has brought this way. If we keep our self-possession and trust Him, our apparently insurmountable obstacles will slip by as if they had never existed."

## What is a "Backslider?"

Backsliding is often secret at first, being known only to the soul itself; later becomes open, being seen in the outward life.

Backsliding may be in part—a slight departure from God—or it may be entire, going right away from Him.

So-called "backsliders" are often not really such. Some who seek salvation do not fully comply with God's conditions, and consequently they do not become truly saved, although they may think they are. Then, lacking the power which salvation brings, they are soon overcome by temptation, and fall away, and are spoken of as "backsliders." Such people can best be helped by leading them to see their true condition and to discover the cause of their failure.

his handlebars fast and kept his eyes on the steps.

He came down like a gust of wind, and such was his momentum that the machine actually took the last sixteen steps at one bound. Rider and bicycle together fell in a heap at the bottom, and the spectators made sure the man was killed. He was not even bruised.

Recently an ex-painter named Williams, made a bet that he could cross Niagara hanging by his teeth to a sloped wire.

Terrifying slide for life

No fewer than 300,000 people watched this terrifying sight for life. With the Stars and Stripes in one hand and the Union Jack in the other, Williams started and shot rapidly across. But the men who had fixed the wire had forgotten how it would sag under a man's weight, and when Williams was still some distance from the Canadian side the sag stopped his progress and he came to a standstill.

A great crowd from the west crowd as they realised what had happened and saw Williams call for help with his flags. Firemen rushed out on the suspension bridge, and at last succeeded in lashing a rope to Williams. He managed to make this fast to the cable, and then dropped down it to the deck of a little steamer which was waiting below. He had been hanging by his teeth for half an hour before the rescuing rope reached him.

How much better would it be for men to "keep these things which are above," as Paul told us, and to remember that "the pleasures of sin are but for a season," for, "what shall it profit a man . . . if he lose his soul?"

# FROM OUR READERS:

Some Contributed  
Articles and Testimonies

## "The Mote and the Beam"

Suggested by Sister L. Waldern,  
Sunny Valley Corps

IT IS more than probable that when the Lord used these words He had in mind a saying of the times—a proverb of those days; it is certain that it is one of those shafts of sarcasm in which he was such an adept; piercing, by a few words, the professional religious pretensions of those who were constantly trying to hinder His teaching.

There were those in the company that day who were quick to see the faults of others, yet could not see the greater sins in their own hearts. Could see the mote—that is, the mote—in their brother's eye, but could not see the beam—that is the greater obstacle—in their own.

Now, cannot it be truly said that there are many things in our lives which are of much greater offence than those which are in the lives of others. We concern ourselves about our friend's failings—but are not one whit troubled about our own shortcomings. Selfishness, deceitfulness, love of money, untruthfulness, dishonesty may be the defects which are apparent in our own experiences, yet all the while we are looking on the smaller troubles elsewhere.

### Severe on the Hypocrites

Jesus was particularly severe on the hypocrites of His day, and I am inclined to think that He has not altered His attitude now-a-days. Let us be sure that He is not looking on us in severity, rather than on the individual whom we are so diligently criticizing.

We must see, or ask that God will give us grace to see, ourselves and our own failings; we have no right to criticize others unless we feel ourselves to be free from blame—and not even then, perhaps. If you think—or if we think, let me say—that our neighbor is selfish, and loves the dollar—what about ourselves? Oh, let us get away entirely from thinking about other people and let us turn all our searchings on to our own hearts, and then, we do believe, by the help of God's Holy Spirit we shall stand blameless in this present evil world.

"This which was in you," said the Apostle, "which was in Christ Jesus," and if that is the spirit which prompts our actions—for the mind is ever the parent of our doings—we are not likely to be falling into the error against which the Lord was warning the people of His times.

The mind of the Master! The disciple is not above his Lord! Let us be as perfect in Him, and so shall our fruit come forth to His honor and glory. A corrupt tree does not bring forth good fruit, neither can we do so, unless we are clean ourselves, unless we are free from all blemish—as indeed we can be. May the Father show us His will; there is grace in Jesus, and power in the Spirit to help us. He saves us to the uttermost—even to the rooting out of the beam or the mote—whatever it may be. God help us all.

## An Open-Air Message

As set down by "J.R.W."—Make Yours Like It

I KNOW it's terribly cold tonight, and some of you think us fools for coming out to preach when the weather is "twenty below": so I'll make my message as snappy as possible, but are there any persons in the Open-Air ring, or outside tonight, who have never sinned: if so, I'll wait a moment while you leave, for you will not be interested in my little talk.

We all seem to be staying. Well then, by our confession, we are all sinners: the difference being that "Love has lifted" some of us, and we are "sinners, saved by grace."

Before coming out tonight, a sentence in my Bible arrested me, this same sentence always does; it says, "The wages of sin is death." Let me repeat it to you, and I pray that it may hit the target with a sharp ring, and a sting. "The wages of sin is death." One writer has said, "It is a strange little sentence of just six little words, peculiar in its

that Great Day when all will be called to account, many, when sin insists on paying its wages, will decline to receive them, but vainly: Sin insists on squaring evenly every account. And "the wages of sin," I beg to remind you, "is death."

Oh yes, my friends, I know many of you will be tempted to be generous there, and "call the thing square," but the stern old paymaster says, "you will step up and receive the full payment for what has been earned." What is it you have earned then? It is death, death! Hell is the abode of death, yea, of everything that is without life; God shut out, no life, that is Hell.

### Free From Sin

But here upon the scene steps One, Who, by His own Word, and by the frank confession, in my Bible here, by those who know Him intimately, "is free from sin." What can He do, you may ask?

This is what He did do, of His own

## Was it worth it?

A "War Cry" Booming Experience  
TO-DAY I started out on my usual ten-mile "War Cry" selling hike. Coleman is covered with snow, and When I had tramped two miles I felt cold and weary. Then I called at a house where I received a good "pick-me-up." The lady said to me, "I have taken 'The War Cry' for over thirty-five years. Last week, as I was reading the Daily Bible Meditations," she said, "I received such a blessing that I clipped them out, and sent them to my son who is working in the oil-fields."

### Walking on Air

Not many words, perhaps, but you can imagine what I felt like. Just as though I were walking on air. Before I visited upon such a blessing, rather foolishly, wondering if it were worth while tramping through a foot and a half of snow, just for the sake of selling a few papers. Then, when I met this good friend I felt amply repaid for my tired bones, for I realized I was in a chain of blessing and Salvation. "War Cry" booming is worth while!—Captain Jesse Hind, Coleman.

## Seasonable Hints

By Lieutenant Lilian Parr, Virden

Put on the storm windows of watchfulness, framed in prayer.

Keep well banked-up with the comforting promises of God.

Don't let the pump of prayer freeze up; keep it primed.

Shovel the snows of indifference away from your heart.

Don't let the winds of wrong desires creep through the crevices.

Use the felt of activity along your doors of opportunity, so that the cold draughts of disappointment cannot get in.

Fill the larder of your mind with thoughts that satisfy.

Store in a safe place anything of value you will need for the future.

Stoke up the fires of ambition, removing the clinkers of selfishness.

## The Message of the Falling Snowflakes

Some Thoughts by an Army  
Friend in Far Off Alaska

A white world. Did you ever stop to think what a great message there is contained in the falling snow, covering the unsightly objects of man's making under a mantle of white, the emblem of purity?

It falls on the hillside, undisturbed it remains, a shield and help to the growth beneath, until the spring, when the warm sun brings new life to growing plants, and joy to all life.

It falls in the city—churned by tramping feet it is beaten down and lost in the mud and mire of an unwanted beauty.

And the comparison: A message was brought to the world, and it shed glory all around until the so-called learned men of the cities distorted and trampled on it, trying to rob it of its beauty and comfort. But there is consolation in the thought that as man is helpless to stop the falling snow, so is he weak and foolish to think his creeds or worldly power can rob the message of its beauty and strength. Faith, hope and charity and the greatest of these is charity (love) must win. You who are living in the spirit know that; so it will help you to be of good cheer when life looks dark. There are still treasures in the snow.—T. Allen, Postmaster, Latouche, Alaska.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not only a Gospel for all men, but it is a Gospel for the whole man.

make-up, and packed full of condensed vitality.

There are in the sentence just three hard, knotty, disagreeable nouns, "wages," "sin," "death," with only enough other parts of speech to hold these securely together.

### Paul's commercial language

Now this old sentence, written down by Paul, ties the words "wages" right up tight with "sin," put here in the simple, commercial language of a man getting the correct and proper return for a day's work.

If there is an employer of labor around this ring I'm sure he couldn't call to mind any time when one of his employees came to him on a pay day, and told him he hadn't earned his wages. But in

accord. He went down, down, to where men's sins had driven man, tasted Death, yes, bitterest death, but, Hallelujah, He rose up to a new life, a deathless life, which He offers free to all tonight who will accept it, and with it the conditions of life.

If you will only accept this offer of His mercy you may, with us, be fully forgiven, blessedly changed, and wondrously used in the Salvation of souls. Praise the Lord bless you, but, please, ponder over my message, "The wages of sin is death," and forget not the gift that Jesus offers you, "a deathless life."

Now there you are: come along to the hall, and we'll tell you more about it: you can question us then if you like. Come along. It's warmer indoors.

indeed. When the question of changing the name of a town or city is put to a popular vote it is almost invariably defeated decisively.

And speaking of place names, did you ever hear the Indian legend that gave its name to the Qu'Appelle river and valley? Hopkins Moorhouse recounts it in "Deep Furrows." . . . long ago, a young Indian chieftain was paddling his canoe through these waters on his way to win a bride, when suddenly above the night

wind's melancholy song he heard a voice calling him through the twilight. "Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?" he answered in French, "Who calls?" But only his own voice came back in echoes while the gloom of night deepened and a wan moon rose silently behind the distant hill. Then when he reached the Indian encampment it was only to see the death fires lighted on the shore, to hear the wail of women and to learn that just before her lips had closed forever, his beloved had

called for him—just at the moon-rise. Thus, ever since, the Indians claimed that spirit voices spoke through the lone valley at every rising of the moon."

Just where the township of Tiny is, a good many who have seen it mentioned, do not know. It is in the Northern part of Simcoe County, Ontario, up Midland way. Still fewer know how it got its name. When Lord Elgin was governor of Canada, away back about the middle of last century, that part of Simcoe was surveyed and opened to settlement. Townships were laid out and had to be named. Three of these, Tiny, Tay, and Floss, lying side by side, were named after Lady Elgin's lapdogs. Whether any other townships in Old Ontario can trace their nomenclature to such coddled origins or not, would be an interesting study for the historian. A large number of them were named by the sons of the old colonial days after "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts."

## Names in Canada

HOW did the towns, villages and even cities of the plains get their names? Why is a great and growing city, proud of its history and sure of its future, called Moose Jaw, while the name Belle Plaine is borne by a little hamlet only 17 miles away? Such names as Indian Head and Medicine Hat must sound strange indeed for important centres to ears that are not accustomed to them.

Probably these names, if rendered in the Indian language, would be euphonious. One of Canada's choicest heritages is her Indian names. Take such words as Canada, Niagara, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Miniota, Moosomin, Ontario, Manitoba, and scores of others of Indian origin; could more beautiful names be imagined? But no matter how incongruous a name sounds, it is difficult to get it changed. Rat Portage was changed to Kenora, but such cases are very rare

Go to now, ye that say, "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain". Whereas you know not what shall be on the morrow—Ye ought to say, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that".

James 4:13-15

# THE WAR CRY

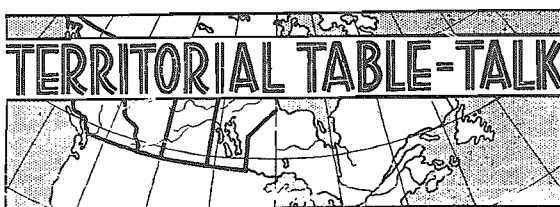
Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth  
General Richard D. Booth  
International Headquarters  
London, England  
Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commander Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Man., Ia.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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Winnipeg, December 22, 1927

THE Canadian National train from the East was well on time the other morning, and with a cheerful agility, which we were glad to see, the Chief-of-the-Staff alighted. Mrs. Higgins followed quickly because family greetings were the first order of the moment.

Down in the comparative warmth of the crypt of the Station the Staff Officers of the City were waiting; a hearty hand-clasp and "God bless you" with each, a few moments with the ever-ubiquitous but generously minded representative of the press; and so began our reunion hours with our long-expected visitors.

We very greatly missed the Chief Secretary from the Chief-of-the-Staff's Winnipeg Meeting, but he had answered the call of his old Comrades, Colonel and Mrs. Coombs—an urgent and touching call—"Come at once." Alas, too late to permit of the earthly greeting, but a certain incentive to make sure of the heavenly re-union.

As will be seen by our "Coming Events" the Field Secretary has planned a strenuous campaign for himself; he will at least soon know full well the geographical situation. He and Major Tyndall, our general Financial Secretary, have been a good stand-by during the absence of the Commissioner and Chief Secretary in Vancouver.

We happened casually to mention to a local reporter that during the previous twenty-four hours, fifteen junior citizens had made their arrival at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. "Gracious," said he, "does that happen often?" Often enough to keep them busy up there, we should say.

Major William Dray, of the Montreal Immigration Office, was a welcome visitor to Winnipeg during the weekend. He tells of a revival of interest in his particular sphere of duty; he was en route for Vancouver, but promises us some news on his return. (Christmas away from home—be it noted).

We regret to hear that our usually happy and care-free comrade, Ensign James Harrington, is still absent from duty; and that an operation of some seriousness has been necessary. We will pray for him; we want him back again.

We shall treasure a little note now before us. It was dictated by our now promoted Comrade, Colonel Coombs, and told us of his appreciation of the Canada West Christmas "Cry". Just his style to say a kind word.

Adjutant Putt left Winnipeg on the day before the passing of his beloved father-in-law, and so was unable to speak with the Colonel. His presence in Vancouver during the funeral and after days has been a great comfort to Mrs. Coombs, and other members of the family, and of course, his own dear wife. We hear that he spoke words of filial eloquence at the funeral service.



The Chief-of-the-Staff declaring the new Garrison open "to the Glory of God."

## The Field Secretary at Fort William and Pt. Arthur

**SATURDAY** afternoon Brigadier Taylor enrolled seven Scouts, and watched the boys playing games for an hour, concluding the afternoon's activities by giving the lads a heart-to-heart talk on the best way of keeping their vows. Colonel Young, an ex-Mayor, and recently appointed Commissioner of the B.P. Scouts, attended the enrolment, and expressed his pleasure and smartness and general appearance of the Troop.

Saturday evening, though it was many degrees below zero, we went for a Serpentine march through the main street of the City, and, in spite of the intense cold, when we stopped at times for testimonies, a number stood and listened. This put us in good shape for the Soldiers' Meeting, and as the Brigadier spoke, conviction settled on the people, and many tears were shed by the two who made a full surrender.

The following morning we were on our own, our visitor having gone over to our sister Corps at Port Arthur, but that did not deter us from having a splendid time. The Fort William "Warrior" Troop of Life-Saving Scouts attended their first Church Parade. How our spirits rose as we marched into the Citadel with our flags flying, and found awaiting us the largest crowd there has been here on a Sunday morning for many a day. Among the congregation we were glad to note several converts of the Scouts. Special song sheets were used, and if you could have heard the lads singing "Fall into line, boys," you would have thought they had been brought up in the Army. After the Captain had given an object talk and the Prayer-Meeting had commenced it was good to see some recently-converted Scouts fishing and leading their Comrades, one by one, to the Mercy-Seat, where four of them made the great decision.

What enthusiasm prevailed among the Soldiers of all ages when the Field Secretary returned from Port Arthur for the Salvation Meeting, which had been announced as a "Great Battle for Souls." God indeed gave us more than we had asked or expected. What stories could be told of those who sought Christ after the Brigadier's straight-from-the-shoulder talk. One man amidst the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" of the Soldiers. Some of the victories were of the real "Broken Earthenware" type.—(Norvic.)

### Port Arthur

All those associated with, or in any way interested in Salvation Army affairs in Port Arthur were delighted to hear that Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, was announced for this Corps on Sunday, December 11. In spite of the extreme cold that prevailed a splendid crowd, the best for years, turned out to welcome the Brigadier in the Holiness Meeting. Previous to his heart-inspiring and cheering address he enrolled Sister Janet Weir as a Senior Soldier, and at the conclusion of his Holiness message two souls made their way to the Mercy-Seat, one seeking Salvation and the other, to re-consecrate his life to God.

In the afternoon our visitor attended the Company Meeting, and he talked to the young people we feel sure an impression was made on their hearts that will not soon be effaced, and which we believe will bear fruit in days to come.

The Salvation Meeting at night was led by Field-Major Weir. We rejoiced, at the close of the Meeting, over these seekers, one a volunteer, one young man, a professing Christian, who sought deliverance from the smoking habit, and the third to re-consecrate his life to God.

It was a good day in the service, and best of all, souls were brought into the Kingdom.—"M.B."

## Three Cheers for Mile End Waste!

Memorial to the Founder to be  
Unveiled by the General

Salvationists the world over will warmly applaud the decision of the Stepney Borough Council, in connection with the desire to place, on what was formerly known as Mile End Waste, a memorial to the Founder of The Army. Some years ago The Army secured permission to place a flat stone in the Mile End Gardens marking the birthplace of The Army; and now the Borough Council has approved the erection of a life-like bust of the Founder in the same locality. The General has been requested to perform the unveiling ceremony, which will take place during a public function, over which it is hoped the Mayor of Stepney will preside.

The bust is the work of Mr. George Wade, who knew the Founder in his early days, and it graphically portrays the force of character and gigantic crusading spirit of its original.

Mile End Waste exists no longer in the street records of the City, but the name will be preserved as long as The Army marches onward, and men and women from the ends of the earth will rejoice in the perpetual reminder of the power of God that this memorial will be. Thousands of Salvationists from every land have already knelt in the narrow Gardens and re-consecrated themselves to the task to which William and Catherine Booth so steadfastly set their hands, and the unveiling of this Memorial will serve as a great call to a review of Army objectives and of present accomplishment.

## Commsr. Elijah Cadman Goes to Glory

IT is with a singular throb of the heart that we hear of the Promotion to Glory of our Salvation Great-heart, and almost involuntarily there comes to our mind the old Army song we have often heard him sing: "Where is now the good Elijah? Safe in the Promised Land."

In an early issue we hope to give an illustrated sketch of his wonderful career.

## The Editor's Regrets

We have received many affectionately worded expressions and recorded incidents concerning the late Colonel Coombs, and regret that our present space is not sufficient for us to do more than mention them here. In particular we must note one from W. M. Ritchie, of Vancouver, who recalls again our Comrade's innate goodness and comradeship, also his sterling Salvationism. He also speaks of those tempestuous days in Army Canadian history to which Colonels Scott and Taylor make such stirring reference.

Mrs. Colonel Coombs and family wish to thank all Officers and Comrades and friends who have sent messages of comfort during recent days, and to say that, as opportunity serves, all such will be acknowledged. The knowledge of such Christian sympathy has been a great support, and will continue to be a strength in the days ahead.



# Dedication of the Training Garrison

(Continued from page 1)



Brigadier]  
G. Carter  
Principal

"That sinners changed to saints  
may be

We dedicate this house to Thee.

The Chairman's word is tensely itself. "The Salvation Army is the truest expression of Christian service for all classes that I know of, in this land or any other land — indeed throughout the wide world; and because of that I am honored in associating myself with these exercises to-day." That is a splendid testimony, Mr. Richardson, and encouraging. So also is Brigadier Taylor's Scripture reading—he is doing duty for the Chief Secretary, on service elsewhere—a thought-provoking choice of passages, and we feel that the blessing of the Master may well be claimed by us to-day.

Mr. Crossin — one of Winnipeg's

"our education may be for the uplift of the under-privileged," and not for our own glory only.

But here is our chief speaker—the one whom so many have been longing to hear, and who would have had a great audience to-day if time and circumstances had permitted — the Chief-of-the-Staff.

Just as one might expect—his first words are a loyal and graceful reference to our General, and immediately there is a no less loyal response from the audience. Here are some of the things the Chief said:

The General's Message

Just a few minutes prior to my leaving International Headquarters in London I was making my final salutes to the General; there was

other thoughts; we see again the splendid old man—our Founder—we revel in the re-telling of episodes of his life. We see again that first of Army Training Homes in Gore Road, and then—in thought—we pass on to that University of Salvation now rising on Denmark Hill in Old London; and we try to visualize the thousands of young lives now being moulded to intense Army Officership.

We are not sorry to hear—in the presence of civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries—our Old Book doctrines emphasized, and more than ourselves say "Amen." We are not at all regretful that we should be reminded of the sacredness and definiteness of our warfare. We rejoice, too, in being told that ours is a call to uplift the

Mrs.  
Brigadier  
Carter



book of civilization, the book in whose pages the high lights now as always are written by those who follow the gleam, the gleam as it shines for them."

## "Council and Counsel"

The Chief with Winnipeg Officers

The Officers of the Territorial Headquarters, together with some of their Comrades of the Manitoba Corps and Institutions, were greatly favored on the Wednesday evening of the visit of the Chief-of-the-Staff to Winnipeg.

The Training Garrison was en fête for the occasion, the corridors and auditorium humming with comradely cheer and expectation. Some of us had been privileged to hear the Chief on the previ-



Taking Possession

front-rank business men, whose keen acumen is so thoroughly at our disposal—stirs us up with his quick, forceful words. His meed of praise for our own Commissioner's activities is not without a hearty response from the floor of the house. His assurance of continued counsel and support is given in the heartiest of terms.

Mayor Webb — we shall soon be missing him from these functions—is as eloquent as we have ever heard him; he remembers the War services of The Army and of our visitor—just the thing that he would be least likely to forget! Compliments us on these fine buildings, and regrets that the City has had no chance to offer a Civic Reception — "which we certainly would have put over."

Now comes the education note. Professor Wallace, of the University of Manitoba. His graceful reference to the "Keep the Pot Boiling" episodes is appreciated in not a few minds throughout his audience; but his statesmanlike thoughts as to the educational advantages of this Institution send us years ahead, and we cannot altogether hush a prayer that

no need for me to remind him that I should be taking part in this event to-day.

Ever alive to all that has to do with the advancement of The Army; but even more keenly interested in those matters pertaining to the training of Officers—you can imagine what his words would be.

His prayers that those now being trained within these walls, or those who should follow after them, should be equipped with the greatest of equipments—the Holy Ghost Himself. That they should here imbue to the fullest possibility those principles and practices which were so splendidly exemplified in the life of him whom these walls commemorate.

That there should be no letting-up of those activities which have given The Army the place it holds in the world to-day—and to which our speakers have referred so readily this afternoon. That the young men and women Cadets should realize those activities—and would see new ones ahead of them—and here be enthused to march on to greater victories.

Oh, my comrades, you know just what the General would say, and I pass his word on to you to-day. He is not unmindful, either, of the generosity of the citizens of Winnipeg and Canada West, which has made possible this consummation of his and our plans and hopes. God bless the General!

And then the Chief passes on to

worst, the sad, the downtrodden; that all may know the saving grace of the Blood of the Lamb. Our hearts say Hallelujah as we think once more of the one Flag which floats over us; of the one purpose which dominates our leadership, our comradeship, and our following.

And now with one more reminder of our Founders—The General and The Army Mother — and another graceful reference to our present honored Leaders—we are brought to the final words of dedication and doxology, and—at last, thank God—"the new Garrison is open." Say—Hallelujah!

## The Spirit of the day

Here let "K.M.H." a gifted writer in the Manitoba Free Press, take up our tale; certainly she has caught well the spirit of the day:

"Fifty-four young Cadets are in training in the institution, young men and women, each with a Commissioner's uniform in his and her knapsack. They are proud of their new building, with its rather cell-like rooms, its pleasant libraries (without the sign of a book), its dining rooms, also its laundry and furnace rooms. Oh, yes, the students do it all themselves. Bugle call is at six; and after that the curriculum is a nice balance of head and hand—and furnace-tending, which any furnace man can tell you is a combination of both, with a bit of prayer thrown in.

The spirit of youth, of adventure, joining up with education in this new institution of Western Canada in Winnipeg, a new chapter in an old book, the

ous afternoon, when he had thoroughly enkindled our Army spirit and imagination; and we were not insensible to the feeling that an evening of spacious comradeship—good phrase, that—was before us.

The "family-circle" tea-tables added their quota to this same sensibility, as did the racy, yet well-phrased welcomes uttered on our behalf by Staff-Captain Steele and Lt.-Colonel Sims, that chief of raconteurs. Strikingly apt, too, and brimful of personal and official affection were the preliminary remarks of our own Commissioner, who was so obviously happy in his re-association with The Chief.

An up-standing welcome for Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, and then her well-chosen words of cheer and counsel went to all hearts. Her gracious manner—if we may be allowed to say so—added to the charm of her appeal. It was worth while waiting for the Chief if only we had had this special treat.

Then "The Victors" volleyed forth their own vociferous assertion—"We're The Victors—we are"—they had a special vantage place in the gallery of the Lecture Hall—and thereon we rose again to do honor to our chief visitor.

(Continued on page 8)



Adj.  
E. Davies  
Chief  
Side-Officer  
Women's  
Wing

Brigadier  
J. Merrett  
Chief  
Side-Officer  
Men's Wing



# COLONEL THOMAS COOMBS

Promoted to Glory from Vancouver, December 9th 1927

## Stirring Funeral Scenes in Vancouver

"He was one of God's true gentlemen," so said Colonel Sharpe of California, and an old friend and Comrade of the promoted warrior, in the delivery of his address from the platform of the Vancouver I Citadel.

In front of the speaker lay the casket containing the mortal remains of one of Canada's Salvation sons, and to the last a fearless fighter for God and souls. The auditorium, crowded to the doors, testified to the respect in which he had been held. Outside the snow lay a foot deep on the ground.

The service, as Army funerals invariably are, was deeply impressive. The Citadel Band accompanied the congregational singing, and rendered suitable selections; the speakers selected for the occasion were well-nigh life-long Comrades of the Colonel, and they one and all paid sincere and striking tributes to a noble life lived to a great purpose.

Lt.-Colonel Phillips, in a heart-moving appeal, stressed the great importance of a God-directed life. "It is more serious to live than to die," said he. Lt.-Colonel Goodwin told of her close association with the Colonel and Mrs. Coombs, and held up the Colonel's life as a shining example of practical Christianity. Lt.-Colonel Payne paid an eloquent tribute to the consistency shown by our Comrade in all his undertakings.

Brigadier Layman read those historic Scripture portions which are so full of comfort at these times, and the Chief Secretary—Colonel Miller—gave particulars of the promoted warrior's Army service, and added his own words of comradely tribute and affection for our old friend.

At the request of Mrs. Coombs, Colonel Sharpe had come from California to conduct the main portion of the service, and in a touching address, recalled how, that five years to that very day, Colonel Coombs had conducted the funeral services of his own life partner—Mrs. Sharpe. He spoke of his old Comrade's God-honored career. "His name," he said, "is a household word to Salvationists and others, right across this continent." He recalled in an eloquent passage, the thousands of homes visited by the Colonel and his dear wife through the years of their Salvation ministry among all classes of people; and with a most trenchant set of sentences, begged his hearers to make sure of their own standing before God.

Staff-Captain Jackson, of Seattle, was also present, and in his concluding prayer remembered before the Throne, all those who were now mourning, not forgetting the Colonel's much loved daughter, Mrs. Adjutant Pult, and his step-son, Ensign Ajeet Mitchell.

Hundreds passed by the open casket, which was flanked by standard-bearers, and on which rested the promoted warrior's cap and Bible. Touching scenes were witnessed as those who had been helped and blessed through his life and influence saw his face—now peaceful in death—for the last time. Messages of sympathy literally poured in from all parts of the world; some of the most touching being those from saved drunks and harlots who had been won for God through the devoted labors of this man and his wife. Many eloquent tributes were paid during the afternoon, but none more eloquent than some of these now mentioned.

The lateness of the hour, the distance from the cemetery, and the state of the roads forbade a procession, but a great crowd with bared heads watched the departure of the cortege. In the Army's recently acquired plot in the beautiful cemetery of Ocean View we rested our friend and brother in his allotted place—and "he lay like a warrior taking his rest," Mrs. Coombs—brave to the last—thought more of others than herself, and in spite of her frail condition, was, as one would expect, deeply concerned for those who stood in the deep snow to pay their final tribute to her, and her sainted husband.



## "THESE FORTY YEARS"

### The Commissioner's Tribute

AGAIN and again during the past days my thoughts have turned to our dear Comrade. I thought much about him as he lay in his pain and weariness, and prayed I think as fervently as any that his life might be spared to us and The Army. Now his warfare is accomplished my mind has been going over "these forty years," as are set out elsewhere.

"These forty years," I say to myself, "these forty years." I look away back, and I see the youth as he must have been then, fresh from his village home, stepping out with all the ardour of his first purpose; the urge of the first call; the glow of his first consecration. Not, as do our young folks of to-day, on a way that others have trod, and has been blazed for them, but on a new way entirely, the first ways of The Army in Canada. Brave fellow!

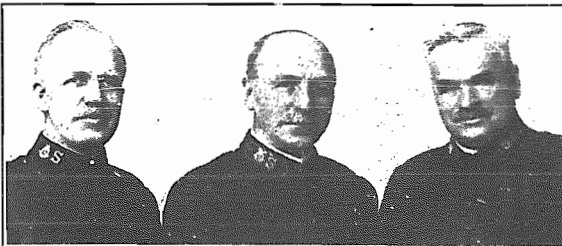
I should imagine that his grace of quiet humor mixed with the saving grace of our Lord in his heart and life made him both an attraction and a strength. If one may judge by all that one hears of "forty years ago," both graces were needed. But others may tell that story.

I think most—perhaps because I joined his trail here—of the later days, when one could begin to sum up the results of his service. The crowds of souls turned toward God; the hundreds who—I am sure—look back to him as their Father in God,

and bless now, and will bless forever, the name of Thomas Coombs, and whose children's children are holding these past few days sacred in his memory. A great thing that, my brothers.

Then I think too, of the brave physical fight he has put up for more years than, perhaps, some of have realized. A fight in which he might have had some ease and cessation of weariness, had but his consecrated spirit allowed him to yield. It is more than probable that the General, with his wonderful gift of prescience, saw this when he arranged for him a task of less strenuousness, and one allowing for a certain freedom from strain. Yet at the same time, giving evidence of his appreciation of our brother's long and loyal service by advancing him to his last honored rank, an advancement received with delight by his many Comrades.

However, we can see now that further work, easy or strenuous, was not to be; and now we all know how, in spite of loving care and prayers beyond most—and medical attention of the highest degree—he laid down the weapons of his warfare, and is now with God. So "these forty years" close. Close, did I say—nay, nay—they shall roll on and on and on, until days and years shall be no more, but all shall be the eternity of God. And now we think with tenderest affection of his devoted "continual partner in this war," and know that the ever abundant grace of our Lord Jesus is her near portion; it cannot be otherwise for one who has lived so constantly in His will and purpose as she.



COMRADES THROUGH THE YEARS (Colonels Taylor, Scott and Coombs)

## A Warrior Goes Home

By Colonel Thos. W. Scott

The Promotion to Glory of our dear Comrade, Colonel Thomas Coombs, brings to one's memory some of the early days of warfare in Ontario, wherein our Comrade took an active part, and was known for his genuine out-and-out Salvationism, and love for his Master and the Flag of our Army.

We met at various times, and under difficult circumstances. In small Corps Meetings; in the larger Corps and in Officers' Meetings, large and small; in Toronto for the annual gatherings; and this man was always the same.

Not of an excitable nature, nor easily influenced by "passing kinds of doctrine," or led astray from the first principles of service and consecration, Colonel Coombs was sound and steadfast in his fidelity to God and The Army.

Just about two years ago we met again in Winnipeg. We had not seen each other for years, and naturally it was a pleasure and joy to see each other and take part again in the good old battle against sin and the devil. We had a glorious time!

One thing I missed was his fiddle—for those who knew him in the early days will remember Tom Coombs and his fiddle. He had laid this aside and was using a concertina, but the spirit remained!

Just a few months ago he and Mrs. Coombs visited California, and what a time they had. Seeing California and meeting so many old Comrades. Side by side on the platform, it was the old, old story. The story of God's Salvation and love to fallen man.

It was quite a shock when the news reached us that our Comrade was in the hospital, and from the information was in a serious condition. Mrs. Coombs standing by her beloved, trying to stem the tide of sorrow and grief.

Friday night the fight ended. The sword was exchanged for the crown. The natural put on the spiritual, and from the Army on earth to the Army of the skies, our Comrade went to receive his reward, and hear the well done of his Lord and Master.

To dear Mrs. Coombs and the family we offer our tenderest love and sympathy. God will not forsake them, and as one whom his mother comforteth, so will our Father comfort them, and be their Lamp and Light by night and by day.

Who will fill the vacant chair, and take our Comrade's place, WHO—WILL YOU? If you, dear reader, have held back and failed, won't you try again and NOW take your stand for Christ and the Cross, and follow in the tracks of this glorified Salvationist.

## "He Was My Friend"

By Colonel Levi Taylor

IT was many years ago, when The Army ship was passing through rough waters, that I first became acquainted with Colonel Coombs and a friendship was then formed which has lasted down through the years. We have lived under the same roof, and have been closely associated with each other in Army work. I therefore knew him intimately, and always found him the same, a man of real worth, whose devotion to duty and unwavering loyalty to the Flag was a constant source of inspiration to others.

He was a thorough Salvationist, humble in spirit, unassuming in manner, earnest, dependable—a lover of souls. It was he who stood by my side in the happiest event of my life, and in the providence of God, he was near me when my greatest sorrow came. He was my friend.

The Colonel has passed on, his work done, but he will be affectionately remembered by thousands who have been blessed through his ministry, and the fragrance of his beautiful life will linger with all who have known and loved him, lifting, ever lifting our thoughts to higher things.

# Vancouver's Victorious Day

## The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins in the Terminal City



The old saying has it, "Tis an ill wind that blows no good," and certainly the ill wind of last October for our Comrades of the prairies, meant a good wind for us in December, in that the Chief of the Staff extended his present tour to our great terminal city, and we are reminded of that other adage, "All things come to those who wait."

Vancouver is no mean city in its Salvationism; (we like to think it holds pride of place in this respect; and we certainly showed ourselves ready to parade in honor of our international visitors, as well as with a pleasure in having with us our own Commissioner and the daughter of our chief visitors—Mrs. Brigadier Taylor.

Recent events in our midst—the passing of Colonel Coombs and other devoted Comrades—have had a mellowing effect upon us, and it was therefore, in a soberly enthusiastic frame of mind we gathered in the Pantages Theatre for the morning Meeting, but none the less ready for instruction and leading in the things of God.

Commissioner Rich is a most excellent pilot, and from the outset he whetted our appetite for the good fare so quickly to follow, as was also the case with the uplifting prayer during which we followed Mrs. Higgins to the Throne. It is not generally in order to comment on such spiritual exercises, but the memory of those minutes is precious.

We had some ado in remembering our reportorial duties, during the Chief's im-

pressive Bible reading. And are glad that we did suffer the lapse for the hidden treasure of the Pauline injunction came afresh to our souls; and our meditations were in no wise halted during Mrs. Brigadier Taylor's choice solo, so helpfully rendered.

We could not forbear wishing that absent Comrades could have shared our joy and uplift in the Chief's address—again resting his word—so to say—on the same apostolic truth. Is it not glorious that the sayings which helped Paul's faithful friend and colleague, Titus—should so exactly fit into our own modern-day minds?

### Sacrifice Precedes Blessing

Most powerfully were we reminded that the sacrifice must precede the blessing. Lord bring us ever into that state of soul and of action. We pray for ourselves and for those who responded to our Leader's entreaty.

One would be far from stating a truth did they say that the Chief's lecture gifts exceed the fragrances of his evangelistic appeals. We could have wished that his entranced Sunday afternoon audience might also have listened to his evening appeal, but there was no lack of a call to God's service for the great crowd that thronged Pantages on Sunday afternoon. The Lecture was masterly.

Like a panorama outstretched our Army world: We saw that flag—our flag, His flag—throwing out its folds across the nations of the earth: We heard the myriad Army voices shouting Jehovah's praise. We joined in comradeship of soul our spiritual kith and kin in their deeds of mercy and salvation. We knelt in penitent faith beside the thousands who day by day seek God and His Christ in street and hall, cottage and Citadel, on prairie and plain, on mountain and dale, by land and sea—

By India's coral strand  
And Africa's golden sand,  
And we took heart of grace and pledged ourselves afresh to God's service under the Flag.

Eulogies of our Army and our great Founder are not unknown in these days, but certain it is that one could go far and not hear a more evidently heart-felt tribute than that uttered by the chairman of the afternoon, Attorney General A. M. Manson, and later on by our ever friendly Mayor, Louis Taylor, and Mr. Blake Wilson. How well those men speak for us, and how well they back us in our ordinary every-day effort.

A pleasing interlude was when our excellent comrade, Mrs. James Robinson presented a splendid bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Higgins. It shall never be said that the "War Veterans" of Vancouver have forgotten the services of the Chief or Mrs. Higgins—indeed all our Army—during those terrible "France and Flanders Days."

### The Night Battle

The splendid building was the gathering place of a great crowd for the night Meeting. The preliminary orchestral music by the city bands created a receptive atmosphere which was gracious indeed as we rose for our opening song and followed reverently the prayers.

Again our leaders appealed, not only to our emotions, but to our spiritual depths and we felt a corresponding sensibility all around us.

Touched we were indeed during those moments of remembrance for our great stalwart—Colonel Thomas Coombs. We stood in silent prayer and then followed the audible consecration and thanksgiving sentences. It was a moment of honor "for a Comrade deceased," but equally of consecration of ourselves.

It is no mis-statement to say that the Chief fought for souls that night, following on another of his daughter's stirring songs. The characters of his story stood out as living figures in our midst: With them we were again in the far country, and then on the road home, and soon, oh soon, thank God—"back to our Father and Home." It was a great theme, handled finely, and forced upon us with an appeal beyond understanding—so we said to ourselves.

Commissioner Rich, ablest of Prayer-Meeting lieutenants, followed, and then one by one, the prodigals came home, and we rejoiced over twenty seekers for the day.

Sad duties of a, for a time, broken comradeship, had brought our esteemed Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller, into our midst, and his support of our leaders was obviously affectionate. We were also glad to see our old Officer, Staff-Captain Merritt.

### The Chief of the Staff Meets Vancouver Officers in Council

Following on their strenuous Sunday in Vancouver, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins spent a busy day on Monday. Naturally this included an inspection of some of the fine institutions which the Army now operates in the city—notably the splendid Grace Hospital, over which Lt.-Colonel Payne so ably presides.

Our leaders also brought much comfort to Mrs. Colonel Coombs and family by visiting them in their home of bereavement; just one of those sympathetic touches which knit us as one, from the highest to the least.

The visit concluded with an Officers' Gathering—a sort of informal over-the-teacup Meeting, but one which finished in a wave of inspiration. Mrs. Higgins' words of counsel were directed, perhaps, more to the Sisters present, but all shared in the blessing of them. The Chief's paternal, yet fiery sentences flamed all hearts, and will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear him. Our own Commissioner added his words of appreciation, and thus voiced those which were felt by all present.

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Our visitors are away from us, but the good they do lives after them, and now our hearts sing on in their renewed joy. We are on reconsecration ground, and praise God for the great day with the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins. God be with them.

## The Territory Pays Tribute to Memory of Colonel Coombs

Mrs. Commissioner Rich and Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson at Winnipeg III

Mrs. Commissioner Rich was with Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson at Sherbrooke Street for the Colonel Coombs Memorial Meeting, and a very blessed time was experienced. The Colonel's address, having direct reference to the godly life of our dear Comrade, touched many hearts. Mrs. Rich, in heart-felt terms, spoke of our warrior's love kindness, and faithfulness, and reminded us of his ever ready service for God and The Army. Her sisterly references to the bereaved met a sympathetic response from all over the audience.

It was from Sherbrooke St. that Colonel and Mrs. Coombs made their last farewell to Winnipeg, and it was natural that our thoughts should go back to that Meeting, when he so happily said that he

would wish our Band to play "Jerusalem, my happy home" at his funeral. Such a service being impossible, we did remember him in the playing of that Selection.

We concluded our Meeting with three sisters welcomed into the fold, and their prayers and ours mingle together in asking God to sustain all who are bereaved by this passing.—(A.E.M.)

### Regina Citadel

It was more than fitting that we should keep in mind our promoted Comrade at this centre; he came to Regina in 1915 when he took up his duties as Divisional Commander for the Saskatchewan Division. Our Memorial Meeting was conducted by Adjutant George Mundy; Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle also spoke, and paid a gracious tribute to the Colonel and his dear wife. Two surrenders were made.—W.G.W.

### Winnipeg Citadel

#### Brigadier Taylor in Command

Commandant Carroll, ever a welcome visitor at the Citadel, was in charge of our morning and afternoon Meetings; the Spirit of God was mightily manifest in our midst in the Holiness Meeting.

During the afternoon "Sunday Festival" the Band rendered portions from the "Messiah"—particularly in harmony with the Christmas season, and not out of tune with our thoughts for the evening gathering—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Brigadier Taylor was in charge of the Colonel Coombs Memorial Service, and very solemn were the moments we spent together. Mrs. Colonel Miller's affectionately worded offerings of remembrance were choice indeed. Adjutant T. Mundy's solo helped us, and we were stirred by not a few memories during Ensign Eva Garnett's song. The Field Secretary's

words were weighty, not only as a gospel message, but as a brotherly tribute to his well-loved Comrade and predecessor.—J.R.W.

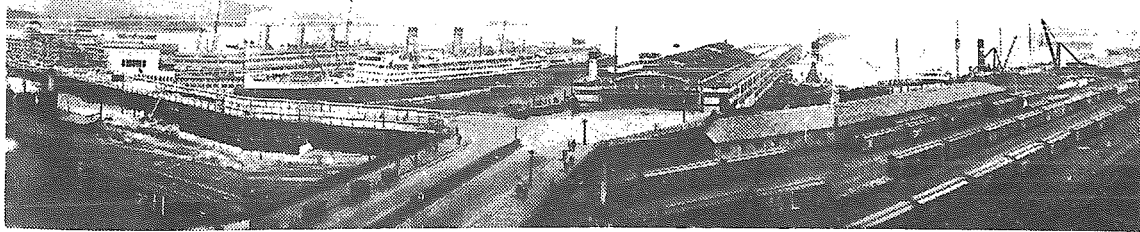
### Fort Rouge

Lt.-Colonel Joy paid tribute to the Colonel's worth and services at this Corps. An excellent congregation audibly expressed their sympathetic agreement with his comradely utterances. Bandsman Peacock, Sr.—an old-time associate of the Colonel—recalled many early-day happenings, and we saw once more what God can do with willing material.—D.O.

### North Winnipeg

At the Memorial Meeting conducted by Brigadier Carter we had the joy of welcoming two seekers. Treasurer Wannacott recalled some interesting incidents

(Continued on page 8)



THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST—VANCOUVER HARBOR

## "Council and Counsel"

(Continued from page 5)

### Tingling with Army Joy

How he breezed along! How his buoyant Salvationism caught us one more, and how we tingled with Army joy as phrase after phrase fell from his lips. Story upon story enraptured us, until with a burst of cheering—almost akin to tears with some—we cried with him—"That's The Army I belong to." Oh, he's great, is the Chief!

And self-effacing, too. It was a lesson in leadership which also serves—his reference, so loyal and heartening—to The General and Mrs. Booth; their mighty tasks and their all-enduring courage. His comradely tributes to the other high colleagues at International Headquarters recalled some names held in high esteem among us.

Right every time—we thought—and right for The Army—and right for us, and there was a glow at our heart and a warmth to our spirits that not even the blizzard-like night air could lessen, except in the thought that so many of our Terrific Comrades were not there to share it all with us.

## The Chief-of-the-Staff meets Winnipeg Soldiery

Those who have been privileged to meet either the Chief-of-the-Staff or Mrs. Commissioner Higgins in a Soldiers Assembly, will be able to catch some of the confident faith with which the Soldiery of Winnipeg—and some of the outlying Corps—gathered in the spacious Broadway Baptist Church on the Thursday evening of their visit.

The thought that this was the last Meeting of the series, and in a certain sense, the only open event, added zest to faith. We were glad to note too that old-time memories and association had their draw for some who do not now always forego together with us.

At first our songs did not "vim" as usual, but the atmosphere warmed with Lt.-Commissioner Rich's opening talk. He had no difficult task in finding words for the introduction of our visitors—rather had he difficulty in making a selection, but he did well—as he usually does.

### Now a Warning Chorus

Now a warning chorus—some pep in that too—we were back to our Army melody and swinging along. Mrs. Higgins rose then—just on the wave of our song.

It need only be said that she drew on her world-wide travelling experiences, no less than the store of her own spiritual treasures, and therein is set down a summary of her words with us. Time was short, and all were conscious of the flying moments, else would we have given ourselves to a full enjoyment of the Citadel Band's fine rendering of "Adoration," which here enriched our gathering.

Then the Chief. Quick to sense the needs as soon as the desires of his audience, he wasted no time in polite greetings, except to convey the ever welcome good will of our General. Right to the heart of our needs he went, and before many minutes had passed there were not a few before him who were praying that they might also become the manner of soldier then portrayed.

"That, that, my Comrades, is what God and The Army, and the poor sinning world require us to be; and by the grace of God you may be such." Fervent "Amen's" as well as God-sealed resolutions were the order of the hour.

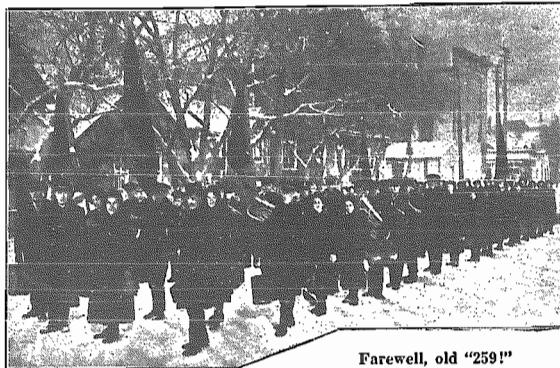
But Canadian National Railway schedules are as the "laws of the Medes and Persians," and though we had come together at an early hour, we finished all too soon. In a wave of "God bless you" the Chief sat down; our Visitors left us for the West—from whence good news is also to hand—and we stayed behind to put into effect the counsel of the evening, and to cherish the glowing glow of these three days of a whirl-wind visit.

## "The League of the Lone Salvationist"

We have already received some interesting—and pathetic—communications from Lone Comrades, in reply to our article in the Christmas "War Cry," and will make further reference to them in our next issue. Any friends and comrades who are eligible for membership, or who know of such, should write us at once.

## "OLD FOUNTAIN STREET"

By Captain Margaret Stratton



Farewell, old "259!"

The old T.G. on Fountain Street, Is empty now of youthful feet. For eight long years its rooms have rung With songs and prayers. Its walls are hung With Memory's pictures of the days When young lives filled the house with praise.

What stories those old walls could tell Of battles grim 'gainst hosts of Hell, These corridors of concentration. These aisles of deep deliberation. These cubicles where praise was proffered, Where vows were made and prayers were offered.

The lecture hall where truths sublime Were taught to hungry hearts like mine,

Where precept clear and revelation Led to greater concentration. Deep heart-searchings, aspirations, Souls afloat with expectations. What victories won, what progress made, Such earnest zeal those lives displayed. While at our different posts we toiled, Sowing good seed on hardened soil, Our training days we ne'er forget, Through days and months and years, And yet We think that e'er as life rolls by, Their memory shall never die. And so, farewell, old two-five-nine, Still dear to many a heart—and mine.

## COMING EVENTS

### THE COMMISSIONER

With Winnipeg Citadel Band—General Hospital—Thursday, January 12.

### MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

With League of Mercy Members—Grace Hospital—Thursday—December 29.

### MRS. COLONEL MILLER

Kildonan Home—Saturday—Dec. 31.

### BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR

(Field Secretary)

### LEAGUE OF MERCY

Adjutant Davies—with Garrison Singing Party—King Edward Hospital—January 20.

### APPOINTMENT

Jan. 4; Swan River—Jan. 5; The Pas—Jan. 7-8; Melfort—Jan. 10; Prince Albert—Jan. 11.

### HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS

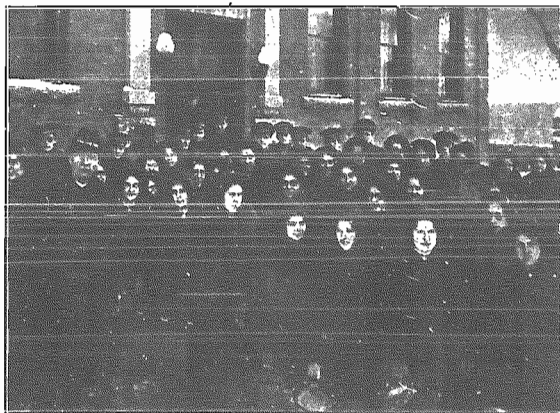
Weston	Jan. 3	Home St.	Jan. 4
St. James	Jan. 4	Norwood	Jan. 4
Sherbrooke St.	Jan. 4	Winnipeg Citadel	Jan. 9
North Winnipeg	Jan. 4	Logan Ave. W.	Jan. 9
Mrs. Major Tyndall		Mrs. Major H. Habkirk	
Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Joy		Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele	
Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson		Mrs. Colonel Miller	
Mrs. Brigadier Carter		Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke	

## Lieut.-Colonel McLean in Alaska

The Colonel has just returned to Vancouver after a successful campaign in Alaska. Twenty-three hundred miles travelled, seven Corps visited, and forty meetings held, and best of all—two hundred and twenty-nine forward for salvation and sanctification, and glorious seasons of power were experienced.

In one town every person in the place came to the Meeting, and twenty came forward for Salvation.

Colonel McLean reports that Major and Mrs. Carruthers are exceedingly happy in their work, full of plans for the future, and well supported by their willing and courageous officers.



"Good-bye to Fountain Street."

## Brigadier and Mrs. Layman at Vancouver Citadel

The very unusual inclemency of the weather—the worst snowstorm here for many years—was rather against large audiences at the various Meetings of the day. It did not, however, in any way detract from the value of the very able addresses delivered by our Divisional Commander in the course of the day's services. In the Holiness Meeting, there was a wealth of information as well as much practical help in his talk on the 24th Psalm. In the evening the audience listened eagerly to what he had to say and two decided to put God to the test as Saviour.

Notwithstanding the snowstorm the Band turned out excellently, and in the afternoon went for a march. In the evening the snow was so deep on the streets that playing of instruments on the march was out of the question. Nothing daunted, however, the more vigorous of them marched round several blocks singing as they went. And in their attempt to attract the few people that were around they were not by any means without their reward.—G.A.

## Winnipeg Mens' Social

Installation of Major and Mrs. Hector Habkirk

The Installation Meeting of Major and Mrs. Habkirk and Captain and Mrs. Cormack was conducted on Sunday, December 11th, by Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, who was assisted by Mrs. Dickerson, Brigadier and Mrs. Cummins, and other members of the Staff.

The building was packed, and a splendid spirit prevailed. The Colonel extended words of welcome to those taking up new duties in connection with the Social Work. Mrs. Major Habkirk, Captain and Mrs. Cormack, and Brigadier Cummins spoke convincingly, and Major Habkirk gave a helpful address. Mrs. Dickerson prayed at the commencement of the Meeting. A great spiritual work is in progress at this Corps.

## Colonel Thomas Coombs The Territory Pays Tribute

(Continued from page 7)

In the life of the Colonel, mentioning that he first met him in Saint John, N.B. when he was holding the rank of Ensign, and even then giving promise of the loyal service before him.

### Weston

Here Brigadier George Smith was in command, and one comrade was received at the Mercy-Seat. Sister Mrs. Boorman was the local comrade who spoke in memory of our warrior saint.

### St. James

Lt.-Colonel Sims, old and true friend of the Colonel, held the fort at this old Corps; the Corps, by the way, at which the Editor had his first Meeting in Canada West and there met Colonel Coombs for the first time. Many Comrades here recalled our valiant colleague, and the Meeting finished with a time of united consecration.

### Home Street

Brigadier C. Allen led the Meetings here on Sunday, and naturally he recalled many comradely incidents connected with his own friendship and service with Colonel Coombs.

### Norwood

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele report splendid Meetings at this brave Corps. An interesting feature of the evening gathering was the enrolment of a young woman who came into touch with The Army and became converted, as a result of Mrs. Coombs' personal visitation. Three seekers encouraged the faith of the Soldiers and Officers.

## A RECORD OF SERVICE

Appointed to the Field as Cadet-Lieut. May 1886; promoted Lieutenant, July 1887; Captain, 1888; Ensign, April 1893; Adjutant, 1895; Staff-Captain, 1902; Major, 1914; Brigadier, 1918; Lt.-Colonel, 1924; Colonel 1927.



# Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!

## Are You a Young Bandsman?

Let one of the Old Brigade speak

## Veteran Bandmaster joins the Heavenly Orchestra

Hon.-Bandmaster Coles — Vancouver Citadel

HON.-BANDMASTER COLES, who has just been called Home, has been physically unfit to wield the baton for many years, but his services have always been appreciated. Some seventeen or eighteen years ago he came to Canada from Hereford, England, where he put in many years of valuable service. It was at Edmonton that he first located, where he was immediately appointed Bandmaster. If I mistake not, the Bandmaster came to Edmonton, especially recommended for that position.

During the years of the terrible Great War, Bandmaster Coles, like many an



other loyal-hearted citizen who had attained an age which gave them every right to exemption from active service, gallantly volunteered for service. On arrival in England it was found that his health was not such as would warrant him being allowed to go to France. After a term of service in the Old Land he returned to Edmonton and civil life. Soon after this his health caused much anxiety and eventually he decided to come to the Coast, where it was thought climatic conditions would have a beneficial effect.

### Stepped into the Breach

In Vancouver he and his family cast in their lot with the Citadel Corps, and although frequently feeling anything but fit, he took his place as a Bandsman and gave whatever assistance his health would permit. Later a vacancy in the leadership of the Y.P. Band occurring, he willingly stepped into the breach, and for some time did good service in that position. At another time he came to the assistance of the Mount Pleasant Band. All the while, however, ill-health was bearing him down, and finally he had to relinquish, reluctantly, anything in the way of onerous duties.

Several months ago he had an attack of sickness which shattered his health severely, but he still attended the Meetings with wonderful frequency. The end—or shall we say transition—came rather suddenly. On Thursday, November 17, he had a severe stroke from which he never rallied, and he passed away at about 5 a.m. the following Thursday. Adjutant Cubitt, who was present with the family from early in the morning hours until the Bandmaster passed away, conducted the Funeral Service in the Citadel on the Saturday following. A large number of Bandsmen were present and played very sympathetically. Lt.-Colonel Phillips and Bandmaster Mills spoke feelingly of the late Bandmaster, as a faithful Soldier of the Cross, and assured the mourners of the deepest sympathy of their many Army Comrades. Sister Mrs. Butler soloed one of his favorite songs, "Trust and Obey." Another short service was held by the graveside in very inclement weather, this also being conducted by the Commanding Officer.

A large crowd gathered for the Memorial service on the following Sunday; Adjutant Cubitt was again in command. Bandsman Towns, of Vancouver II, was with us and paid a fine tribute to our promoted comrade's singleness of aim; they had been Bandsmen together at Edmonton. The Citadel Band rendered "Promoted to Glory" and also "Eventide." At the close two seekers were welcomed.—G.A.

You have, it is true, taken your place in the Band, and already its music is improved by your presence, but are you a Bandsman in the real sense of the word—that is, an ideal Salvation Army Bandsman? There is a class that exists simply for the purpose of playing music (good and otherwise) for the interest of the people, but The Salvation Army Bandsman has a far greater, nobler purpose. He assists in a work for the saving of souls and the extending of God's Kingdom, and his behaviour and actions should be in accordance. His appearance, too, must fit his profession.

What a lot might be said about a Bandsman's actions in actual playing! None of them wrong, no doubt, but many of them detrimental to a good impression on the onlookers.



Do not, if you play a trombone, stick the slide at a ridiculous angle up in the air, or even down towards the earth, so that the slide nearly touches the sidewalk, but hold it as straight as you possibly can.

Avoid the conceit that is shown by the actions of some brass Bandsmen. Every little movement and action shows what a high opinion they, at their own playing.

Any rate, have of their own playing. There is the shaking of the fingers on the valves, the sticking out of the chest and the bending of one knee while the arms are held well away from the body—the very pose suggesting pride, and giving expression to a spirit far from that the Salvationist should possess. The ideal Bandsman does not do any "showing off," or anything likely to attract attention, realizing he is playing for the glory of God, and it is expected of him that he act with humility in doing it. He stands erect, holds his instrument steady, thus showing his modesty and sense and creating a good impression.

### The Idea of It!

Do not be a Bandsman who wears his cap on the side of his head, or who wears a collar and tie, plainly visible beneath his unbuttoned tunic, or who wears light-brown or yellow shoes, or (the idea of it!) actually chews gum while on duty with the Band! The ideal Bandsman dresses according to Regulation—has black shoes and wears his tunic buttoned up to the neck; puts his hat (a Bandsman's hat, too; not an Officer's) on straight, and behaves in a way to bring credit to The Army. He does no unnecessary talking, or laughing, likely to distract the attention of the listener from the Officer or other speaker.



The ideal Bandsman also kneels and bows his head while prayer is being offered, helping the one who is leading, by praying himself in spirit.

He stays to the end of the Sunday night Prayer Meeting. How annoying it is to see two or three of the Bandsmen come down off the platform immediately at the close of the Officer's address. There is really no excuse (in most cases) for this, for the Meeting as a rule closes quite early. It seems almost like running away and escaping the heart-searching truths of a Prayer-Meeting.

The ideal Bandsman does not talk to his "next-door neighbor," that is the one standing next to him either in the Open-Air, or sitting beside him in the indoor Meeting, any more than passing a number, but, while the address is in progress, or the testimonies going forward or whatever is going on, he is listening attentively and taking in what is being said for his own good.

### Invariably Late!

Do not be one who invariably comes late to the Open-Air or indoor Meeting, with not even the excuse that you live a long distance away. The ideal Bandsman is punctual.

Some young men always stand or sit silent when testimonies are asked for. Of course, you may get over that, but you may as well get over that, seeing you are an Army Bandsman and likely to be one for a long time, and you will surely be called upon some time to get up and say something—you cannot escape it in The Army. The ideal Bandsman thinks of what he can say to express his feelings regarding his Salvation, and as soon as he is called on, or experiences are being called for, he is ready to give a rousing testimony to the blessing of many.



The Bandsman must consider the impression his behaviour is making on the outsider. His motives may be harmless, but if he realizes his actions are in the slightest way doubtful or misleading to the onlooker, he should desist in whatever he may be doing.

It is good to realize at the outset of our career as Salvationists that we make ourselves the objects of observation. If you heard a man continually exhorting his fellows to become as he is, and saw him wearing clothes, which, according to his own words, meant "I am a converted man fit to teach others the way of Salvation," you would naturally judge everything he did by very high standards. That is just what our Open-Airs and uniform do for us. A loud laugh in the street, a rough scramble to board a street-car, those chance girl acquaintances to which some young men are addicted, all call upon us the censure of strangers. This seems a high standard to set up, but after all is said, all that you need to do is to behave in manly, courteous fashion off duty and on.

And, finally, of most importance, the ideal Bandsman has a good experience—a definite knowledge of sins forgiven and a new heart within. If he hasn't he should never rest satisfied until he has, and realizes the fact beyond doubt; for without it he can never be useful in the service of God and The Army.

Tune: "You can tell out the sweet story."

Jesus is strong to deliver,  
He is mine;

Mine in the hour of temptation,  
Mine with a perfect salvation,  
Mine in a full consecration,  
He is mine.

—"J."

## Occasional Talks

### My Lord and I

THE following is a story of a group of people who were travelling in Europe. In the group there was a little girl. They all loved her; but she had one exceedingly trying habit. Every time the company stopped at a hotel, morning, noon, or night, this little girl would find a piano somewhere and would begin to play. She could only play one little ditty with one finger. She could not play it through without striking two or three false notes, and yet she kept it up so constantly that they grew weary.

### Her Poor Little Ditty

One day there was a great musician in the hotel. When he heard those strange sounds he came down and saw the little girl sitting on the piano-stool drumming away. He went and sat alongside of her, and while she continued to play he put his hands on the keyboard, and took her poor little ditty and made it the theme of a wonderful symphony. People came crowding to listen to such music as they had never heard before. The great musician took the little girl by the hand and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the little girl who made the music you have been listening to and enjoying."

### A Message for You and Me

I suggest to you, my comrades, that there is a message for you and me in this simple tale.

We are living a life unsatisfactory to ourselves, although our hearts are loyal. We are making more mistakes than successes sometime, but those nail-pierced hands are moving up and down the keyboard of our life, taking that which we are trying to do and making it the strength and the power of a rich and eternal story. They are taking our mistakes and making of them wonderful successes. The wonder of it is that at the last great day the Master will lead us out and say: "This is My child who was loyal to Me on earth!"

Partnership with Christ, My Lord and I. Not I alone. Not My Lord alone. My Lord and I. That close fellowship, that close communion, that close consciousness of His love and His strength working in and through us, so that our loyalty is simply bound up with the way in which He works with us.

You won't see much blessing come down unless much prayer goes up.

We need Soldiers who are willing as were the three Hebrew boys, to burn rather than bow to the god of this world.

**WANTED—Anglo-German Concentina, Jeffries preferred. A-flat pitch. Write S. W., c/o The Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.**

## Vancouver Citadel

All the expenses in connection with the Demonstration were met by the sale of artificial flowers, made by one of the Junior Workers, and so we were able to hand over a generous offering to the No. IV Comrades in return for the use of their hall. Sister Atkinson and Brother Anderson have indeed rendered valuable assistance in this venture.—Unkleck.

# THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



## Start The Story Here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these epistles to her home folks—is a school-teacher who has taken duty at a small country school. She has found herself in a circle of Salvationism, and slowly but surely, is beginning to enjoy the experience. We are one of her scholars who has met with an accident. Pa and Ma Crompton are her host and hostess. Hector is the son of the family—Brenda the daughter, and Gus is an Army Immigrant farm boy.

## CHAPTER VII

Some news about Mary—Effie attends her first Army Meeting

The Dell, La Prairie,  
Sept. 26.

Dearest Ones:

I've some glorious news to tell you! Oh! the most glorious—but I scarcely know how to say it. It is almost my first confession—in fact, quite my very first voluntary one.

Dearest People, I've given my heart and life to Jesus, and I'm so gloriously glad that even the damp and cold of this wet Saturday afternoon cannot check my happiness. Oh, dear ones, do be glad with me.

There is so much I want to say to you, especially since you tell me you are filing all my letters—silly old darlings. Do you think they will be valuable in the years to come?

## An Exciting Week

Truly it has been an exciting week—gloriously so. I am so glad to say that dear we Mary Kirk shows signs of improvement. That is one thing that makes us all so happy. But now to set things down in such order as my feelings will allow.

I wrote you last Saturday and then had no very good news to tell but on Monday evening the sweet child had her first conscious moments, so to speak—and just for a few moments, scarcely that, opened her eyes. A thing like this could not happen without her mother seeing it and it was a happy little woman that came hastening into the kitchen to tell the rest of the family.

We were seated at supper—a very quiet meal, as all our meals have been since our little invalid came into the house. But I could not help being touched with the very fervent ejaculation that Pa made: "Thank God for that—now she will mend," and Hector so far forgot his usual reserve as to say "Hallelujah!" It did not seem at all out of place either. We had finished our meal or we made a finish and there then Pa said "Let us thank God," and we knelt in our places while he thanked God for "this evidence of Thy loving watchfulness over Thy sweet handmaid." Dearest folks, it is good to live in such a home.

Little Mother Kirk, as I call her, had gone back to the bedroom, but Ma rang up Dr. Lot and he told her it was a good sign, but on no account were we to disturb the child.

## A Whistling Festival

But to go back a day or two in my story—so as to keep that wonderful file complete. Sunday was certainly a day of happenings.

Naturally, it did not move with the quiet orderliness of our usual day, nobody wanted to go far, for it is wonderful how the invalid has made a place for herself in all our affections. I sat with her during Sunday morning, so as to give her mother an hour or two sleep. Ma was quietly busy about the house preparing dinner. Hector and Brenda had both gone to The Army. All would have been a "Sabbath stillness" but for that lad Gus keeping up a whistling festival around the house during his pursuit of his Sunday chores.

I divided my attention between the sufferer and the prospect just outside. Ours is a quaint house—there a room and here a room. The one in which Mary was lying is just off the sitting-room and looks out into the yard and then across the little valley in which the creek runs on its way to the Lake. There are a few

trees beside the stream and these reminded me of our own old trees, and I began to think and dream of you—and to wonder again with you about Jack. Dear old boy! I wonder where he is!

## In his Best Sunday Tones

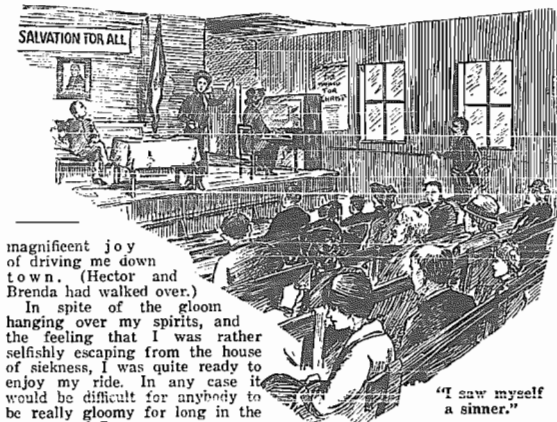
Well, dinner arrived and was served. We none of us enjoyed it "overly" as Ma says. Gus asked in his best Sunday tones could he go down town for the evening? And in the inimitable manner which he sometimes adopts he casually said: "I think Miss Nott wants to go to The Army to-night."

Now, if you know by what process of reasoning he arrived at that idea, I'd be glad if you could tell me. Isn't it the funniest thing? During the morning I'd been half wishing I could see the Captain again if only for a few moments and now the boy said that.

"How did you know I'd like to go to The Army?" said I. "I haven't said a word about it to a soul."

"Oh, I just thought," said our youthful Solomon.

Pa decided not to go out and of course Ma stayed in. So Gus had the



magnificent joy of driving me down town. (Hector and Brenda had walked over.)

In spite of the gloom hanging over my spirits, and the feeling that I was rather selfishly escaping from the house of sickness, I was quite ready to enjoy my ride. In any case it would be difficult for anybody to be really gloomy for long in the company of Gus.

But the things he told me in the course of that drive: his prowess as an auto driver; his exploits at home, etc., etc., until at last in sheer despair I had to tell him to stop. He is a good driver, anyhow. It seems to me that some boys are born to fit into a "Ford" and he is one of them.

In due course we arrived in town just in time again to see The Army at their Open-Air Meeting. Hector gave quite a start when we turned the corner—nothing had been said about my coming over. Brenda came away from the Meeting and clasped my hand in evident delight at seeing me. She was even more excited when she knew I was planning to go to The Army Meeting.

Reeve Dale was thumping away at that old drum as though all his enemies were hidden therein and he was bent on reaching them. The Captain and Lieutenant were also in evidence.

"Come," said Brenda, "the Open-Air is nearly finished and they'll be going in soon. You don't want to be standing around like this." And she escorted me over to The Army Hall; as proudly as though I had been the Queen of Sheba herself, and truly I found—as I hope I shall have time to tell you—that "the half had not been told."

We took our seats. There were a few people already gathered. Brenda nodded to one or two—smiled quite gaily to one comfortable looking woman who immediately rose from her place and came and sat beside me, and introduced her-

self as "I'm Mrs. Dale. You know my husband. I do want you to come along and see me one day—and how is little Mary Kirk—poor lambie?" All this in a space of words—as Dad would say.

I had just time to give her some up-to-date news and then there was heard outside (and inside, too) the thump, thump of the advancing Army. I could just catch a few words of the song they sang,—one or two here and there, for the drum literally smashed all other sounds:

"We're The—bang, bang!

That shall—bang, bang!

As we come to—bang, bang, bang!

Bang and bang and bang and bang!"

But I'm in no mood for making fun of anything that happened—as you will very soon find out.

With a final thud of the drum—and as I afterwards discovered, a short prayer outside, the "Comrades" entered: a tramping of feet and a cheerful clatter preceded their incoming and we "squared round," as Mr. Dale said, for the Meeting. At this hint Mrs. Dale left me and resumed her place with her family.

opening my eyes to take a peep, I found it was Hector Crompton speaking. Of course, it didn't touch me in the way the old lady's prayer did, but I liked hearing him.

## And Didn't They Sing!

Then we sang again, "Tell me the old, old story," and didn't they sing—children and all of us—the old lady in front, Mrs. McLachlan—swaying to and fro as she sang. (I did wish I could have seen her face.) The Captain was at the piano—Mr. Dale, by virtue of his position as Treasurer, on the platform where I could see him, and the heartiness of his face was a study. Hector was operating the drum. We had the chorus over and over again and I could not forbear looking around to find out one most vociferous singer and saw, as I thought I should, "Our Gus" leading the "Choir of the Back Seats" as Mr. Dale called it.

We had a Scripture reading by the Lieutenant—she was nervous. Then Treasurer will make some announcements," said the Captain, and George Dale came to the front, and the congregation straightened up as for a favorite, as I should say he is. I wasn't sufficiently interested in the various items to follow them in detail, but he had the attention of all the others. He rolled back along a "quietly conversational" manner, but suddenly dropped into almost a whisper and said:

"Now, friends, shall we have a few words of prayer for the dear child about whom we have heard so much—that our Father God may restore her. And shall we also pray for all who are anxious on her account?"

Dearest mother, I felt he was thinking of me as much as any and I bowed my head in a very fervent prayer.

We had a collection and a "Comrade" came to the platform and gave an address. I am afraid he "had an idea" of himself, for he said he would "give us a few thoughts which he was sending to the 'War Cry'."

After this the Captain went over to the piano and before she sat down she said:

"My dear friends, I am going to speak to you tonight of One Who has been much in our thoughts during the Meeting—our Friend and our Burden-bearer, but before I do so I am asking Lieutenant to sing to us."

## No Artificial Warbles

The Lieutenant is a lovely singer—every word so plain—none of those artificial warbles and gurgles and dentals of some "trained" singers. The song she sang went straight to my heart. I'm going to ask her for the words and music so that I can sing it myself. The chorus is:

All your anxiety, all your care  
Bring to the Mercy-Seat—leave it there;  
Neer a burden he cannot bear,  
Neer a Friend like Jesus.

I cannot tell you all that the Captain preached. Her text was "Surely He hath borne our griefs." I think the text had more to do with it than the sermon, but I was moved beyond myself. She spoke of Christ bearing our sins as well as our griefs and I, proud Hephzibah Nott, saw myself as a sinner. Oh, I am glad I did. I am glad I did.

Darling parents, I've given myself to God and His joy fills my heart. I know you won't mind, but I must tell you—I've been a long time coming to it.

There were three of us at The Army Pentent-Form on Sunday night—two little girls and myself. There, now, I've told you, I must write again and tell you all about it. I can't put it at the tale end of this letter. Oh, I do hope you will be glad. Do, please.

Anyways,

I am your Saved and Happy Girl,  
Effie.

(To be continued)

It Is Appointed Unto  
Man Once To Die

# WAR CRY

After Death—  
The Judgment

No. 53

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1927

WINNIPEG

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.



1746—Carl Christian Hansen. Born in Assens, Denmark, 1887; came to Canada as young man. During late war was Canadian soldier. No. 104681, 1901 Company Canadian Forestry Corps. Parents inquiring.

(See photo)

Carl Christian Hansen

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.

1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg, in March, 1927 and previously at Brandon. Wife anxious to locate.

1703—George James Payne. Age 38; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; sallow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with Dr. Bernardo party in 1900. Last known address Newdorf, Sask.

1709—Harry Twigley. Missing since July, 1921; 45 to 60 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, chemist. For time was in B. C. Relatives enquiring.

1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate. 1725—Arne Andersen Brekke. Age 24; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; blue eyes; light complexion. Railway worker with C.N.R., Winnipeg. A friend is anxious.

1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; grey-blue eyes; fair complexion; coal miner in Old Country; native of Wales.

1733—Valentin Flutsch. Last heard from around Edmonton; relatives enquiring.

You may be searching for your lost friend, but have you realized that unless you have found Jesus Christ as your Saviour, you are missing the best of all friends?

Seek Him To-day.

1752—Joyce D. C. McLane or Laine. Nickname Joek. Came to Canada this year; age 26; height 4 ft. 11 ins.; sandy hair; blue eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by trade. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately.

1753—Ed Engeströten. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; light complexion; blue eyes; straight figure. During war was in 57th Battalion at Winnipeg, in 1916. For a time was at Brandon, father longs for news.

1755—Carl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes; last heard from 1926. In a soldier; thought to be sailing on the West Coast of U.S.A. Father wishes to get in touch.

1757—Henry Jents. Came to Canada 1922; farmer of Welsh extraction. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 6 ft. brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Vancouver.

1755—Allen Ireland. Age 27; height 6 ft.; dark hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Parents anxious.

1766—Henry Boulton. Age 38; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion; farming. Was last heard of in Alberta.

1767—Alex. Hart. Age between 35 and 37. For a time was working at Camp 38, Nauri Centre, Ontario in 1921. Father anxiously enquiring.

1769—Victor Westfall Franz Siegel. Born in 1873 at Alingen, Soudt, Westf., Germany. Is married and a merchant by profession. Last known address, Gretna, Man., in 1919.

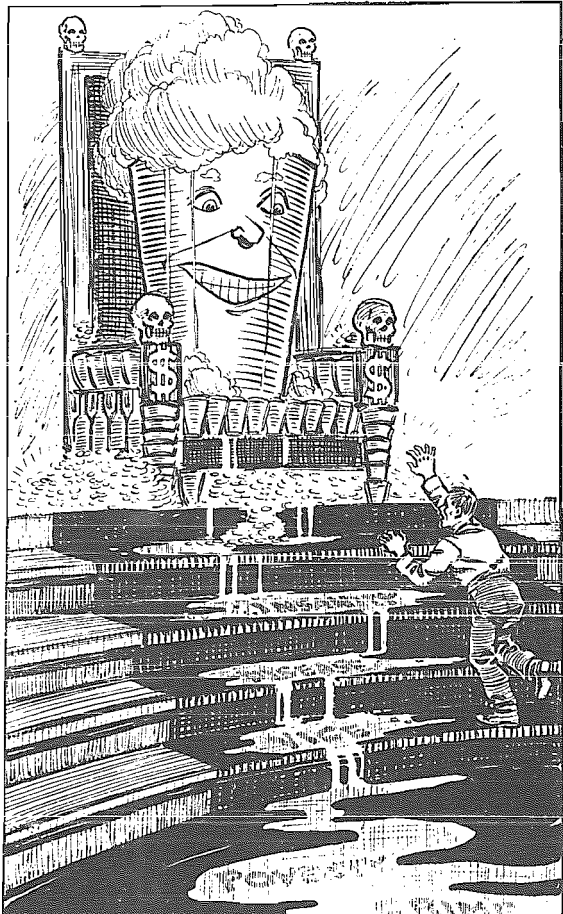
1770—Johan Karlsen Hagen. Age 49, born at Trogstad, Norway. Medium height; dark hair; blue eyes, last heard of at Quavud, Sask., via Kerrobert.

1771—Ole Bjørnerud. Born 1885; medium height; fair hair; brown eyes. Last heard of in Winnipeg.

1772—Edward Kjøren Fair. Age 21; tall; heavy set; was last heard of at Avonlea, Sask. and was going to Ontario.

1778—Hulda Tereza Franson. Born in Linds, Sweden, 1865; light hair; medium height; modest anxious.

## "Beer by the Glass"



"For what we are about to receive . . . . ."

In common with the majority of the citizens of the Province of Manitoba, and thoughtful people throughout Canada, we are greatly interested in certain present legislative developments. We are told that the country generally is on the eve of an era of great prosperity, consequent on certain undertakings of considerable magnitude and possibility in our midst. We do not for a moment associate these undertakings with those developments, but setting "the one against the other," we do wonder whether prosperity is so imminent as well-minded citizens desire.

We have no wish to hamper our Statesmen—they can put into effect the will of the people—if it be their considered will. However, we can and will pray that God will do, as He has done thousands of times, overrule evil for good, and bring in, to His Own glory, an era of prosperity founded on the righteousness which exalteth a nation.

1793—Emily Ainsworth. Age 51; height 5 ft. 2 ins.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in England. Last heard of at Vancouver, British Columbia; age 19, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 140 lbs.; dark hair; brown eyes; fair complexion; employee at hotels; missing 3 years; last heard of in Winnipeg.

1802—Garfield Billeau, alias William Cole. French Canadian; age 19, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 140 lbs.; dark hair; brown eyes; fair complexion; employee at hotels; missing 3 years; last heard of in Winnipeg.

1813—Konstantin Alekseyev. Born in Riga 1898. Up to year 1919, was a military officer in Russia; left that country in 1920; middle stature; blue eyes.

1817—Wm. Joseph Scott. Half breed; age 28; returned soldier. Should this meet the eye would Wm. J. Scott communicate with his wife Co Mrs. Geo. Hartley, Kamack, Sask.

1818—Christina Davies—otherwise known as Tommy Davies. Age 32, height 5 ft. 4 in., light colored hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer, Welsh, native of Llanelly. Last heard from in Bradwardine, Manitoba.

1819—Carl Arthur Vilhelm Emil Anderson. Born in Copenhagen 1884; is usually called Arthur Anderson; last heard of in B.C.; works at clearing of woods or with hunting. Father anxious.

1821—Edward Wadge. Age 66; dark complexion; height 5 ft. 9 in.; during the war he went overseas with Calgary Battalion.

1823—Albert Shales. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; dark hair; blue grey eyes; swarthy complexion; native of Wolverhampton. Went to Canada from Bathgate, Scotland in 1913. Brother very anxious.

1828—Harrison Edward. Mrs. Wedderburn o. Port Elizabeth, South Africa enquiring. Anyone knowing this man's whereabouts kindly inform this office.

1827—Rourke Charles. Age 28; height 5 ft. 8 in.; fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Usually works as clerk in hotels; relatives enquiring.

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas  
his Wife



Styremup Mansions,  
Suite A1.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have been busy. What with having to give up one evening to be at the Chief's Meeting, and then with my usual "Cry" round, on top of my Christmas sales—and Dorcas not too well, you can just understand my feelings.

My, wasn't she upset the other night when I got home from my round; some Army girl—not from our Corps—had dared to come on to our Block selling the Christmas number; I wasn't in at the time, but I guess Dorcas told her something, even if it was only half of what she told me she said. But I noticed somebody had been having a cup of tea, so I said nothing. That's Dorcas all over.

I was ever so pleased, Mr. Editor, when you called me up on the phone, and told me of those extra Christmas orders. Great, isn't it? I should imagine that the young fellow at Humboldt has a plan in his head—but he'll have to be out early to do one better than our lassie Captain; she is a hum-dinger, she is. He will have to be on the lookout too for those other places you spoke about—Vegreville, Calgary 11, Melville and Vancouver VII.

Yes, it's just like Brigadier Carter to boost a good thing when he sees it; nice of him, wasn't it, to read over the Christmas "Cry" to the Cadets before he sent them off selling it; no wonder they've sold out. Bless them, those dear boys and girls! Didn't they give tongue to their "Victors" chorus in the Chief of the Staff's Meeting!

What do you think, friend and Comrade? In the midst of the Christmas rush the Publisher has actually received an increased regular order from Nepawa—Captain and Mrs. Johnson. I gave the Captain an extra smile when I saw him a few days ago, although I didn't dare let on what for, I must preserve my anonymity.

That's all about the "Cry" for the present. Now I've to turn to and help Dorcas with some Home League Sale of Work stuff; she wants me to assist in fixing up the stalls for the sale; that woman she keeps me on the run all day long. Then it will be Christmas presents for the boy and the girl. After that it will be getting the children together for the Junior Rally on New Year's Day at the Citadel—and so we go on. Do you think, Mr. Editor, you could make up a little chorus, something about "Don't work the old man too hard." I wish you would.

Well, here's a happy New Year to you, and wishing all "Cry" Boomers the best of good sales,

Yours sincerely,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

P.S. From Dorcas: Mr. Editor, you can put in all that Daniel says, if you think it proper to put such stuff in the "Cry", but everybody knows that he likes work—and likes talking about what he does. That's the worst of men. But, says I, let them talk so long as they do something, and my Daniel does more than that—he's a regular Domore.

Mrs. Dorcas D., Envoy too.